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TUESDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1906.

Our Great Task in Panama.

A sane and just appraisal of our great task in Panama may be found in President Roosevelt's account of his observations on the isthmus, which has been transmitted to Congress as a special message. The President spent only three days in the Canal Zone, but they were busy days, and Mr. Roosevelt was a keen and untiring inquirer. His investigations ranged from great engineering problems to the question of the canal supply, which last is a vital one to some of the zone laborers, who to the President of their native climes. He talked with the police and the canal diggers, chatted with housewives, and condescended to bachelors, saw the big steam shovels at work in Culebra cut, "being pressed up, as if they were mountain hewers, into the most unlikely looking places, where they eat their way into the hillsides."

Mr. Roosevelt found much to commend in the preparatory work of the canal administration. The foundations of the great task, he thinks, have been well laid. Twenty-five thousand laborers are adequately and healthfully housed and fed, and the death rate has been enormously lowered. By the practical extermination of the mosquito, the danger from yellow fever and malarial diseases has been reduced to the minimum. Hospitals, hotels, and dwellings have been built, sewers constructed, streets paved, and water supply provided. With thoroughgoing sanitation and rigid inspection of the laborers' quarters, it is hoped, and with good reason, that canal construction will not be delayed by epidemics or a low state of health among the working force. The work of construction, the President tells us, is now going on with vigor and efficiency, mainly in the Culebra cut, where most of the labor will have to be done.

The President's conclusion as to the labor supply is that the bulk of the ordinary labor must be done by West Indian negroes and Chinese. He is unable to see why American workmen should have any concern in the question whether the rough work is done by black or by yellow aliens, inasmuch as aliens must be employed in any event. "Our business," he observes, "is to dig the canal as efficiently and as quickly as possible, provided always that nothing is done that is inhuman to any laborer, and nothing that interferes with the wages of or lowers the standard of living of our own workmen." Moved by this consideration, he has "arranged to try several thousand Chinese laborers." The West Indian laborers he finds only fairly satisfactory.

Many of them desert their regular employment for a precarious living in the jungle, or work but three or four days a week. As the canal administration has experienced some difficulty in getting even this inefficient labor, Mr. Roosevelt thinks it undesirable that the employment of labor should be restricted to any one class of workmen. The use of Chinese labor, though obviously experimental, will be watched with interest, if not with some apprehension and misgiving, by the American people.

President Roosevelt's sole important recommendation is that the construction of the canal be placed in charge of a single commissioner, with heads of departments directly responsible to him, and with express authority to employ the most capable consulting engineers. The present commission he now regards as a "clumsy executive instrument," with which opinion all will agree.

We are assured by the President that there is not a man on the isthmus "who has used his position in any way for his personal or pecuniary advantage." For dishonest and malicious critics the President naturally feels the "heartiest contempt." He has no doubt of the ultimate success of the enterprise, though minor failures may give opportunity for doubting Thomases to predict the failure of the whole project. It is an epic task in which we are engaged, down there, Mr. Roosevelt says, and we are glad to know that Americans playing a part in it for a specified time will be given a badge of honor. They will richly deserve it. Meantime, let us all respond to the President's patriotic appeal to hold up the hands of the Panama workers and "aid them in every way to bring their great work to a triumphant conclusion."

A Titular Disturbance in the Navy.

Staff officers of the navy do not conceal their disappointment over the fact that the Secretary of the Navy failed to make a recommendation to Congress on the question of titles.
Secretary Bonaparte dismissed the subject, at all times perplexing, with a brief passage in his annual report in which he expressed the hope that there might be found a solution which "would be satisfactory to all parties concerned." The staff officers claim a right to the titles which now are used by the line officers, and surgeons, paymasters, naval constructors, and civil engineers may be known as lieutenants, or commanders, or, in the case of bureau chiefs, as rear admirals, without running the risk of being called to account for misappropriating a title or incurring the displeasure of brother officers who regard them as entertaining claims to distinction of a purely titular character which may not be theirs under the statutes or naval regulations. Most of the staff officers believe that the time is coming when this question must be fought out in the open, and there are already signs that the warfare may be waged during the present short session of Congress. Whether or not it reaches

that belligerent stage, it is bound to be the most momentous, if not acute, controversy within the naval establishment.
The line officers, on the other hand, claim that their titles should be preserved for those of the so-called combatants, while the staff officers insist that they are quite as much in their way of the same class, and that no element of naval efficiency is imperiled in the slightest degree by calling a paymaster or a surgeon a lieutenant or a lieutenant commander, or whatever may be his present so-called "relative" rank. They refer, in support of their position, to the security and peacefulness surrounding the conditions in the military personnel, where the army surgeon may be known as captain or the army commissary may be known as major without suffering the plumage of the war bird. Altogether, it is an interesting question, the importance of which is not fully appreciated by the civilian observer.

Unless the Congressional Record gives a trading stamp with each new subscription, the circulation of its esteemed contemporary, the Illustrated Presidential Message, is bound to outstrip it.

For Cooking Reform.

There is only one other ruler of a great nation to-day who manifests as keen and constant an interest in the affairs of his people as does the Emperor of Germany. A few days ago the Kaiser visited a remote part of his empire and lectured his faithful subjects upon the value of good cooking. He told them that good cooking conduced to good citizenship, and therefore to the greatness of Germany, in that it conduced to good health. Which, of course, is true. Had any less a personage than Wilhelm II said this it would not have made an impression worth while upon the stout Teutonic mind; but coming from him, all Germany is now preparing for an improvement in its cooking.
No claim can be laid to a distinctive American cooking, as can be done by every nation of Europe. For a century or more New England has maintained a wholesome standard in some particulars, but the characteristic New England dishes are not relished in other sections of the country. If they were, they long ago would have been supplanted in every household in the land, and certainly in the households of that vast stretch of country north of Mason and Dixon's line and west of the Alleghenies, which was for the most part settled by New Englanders.

Time was when the South had the best cooking in this country, but that time is no more. That was when family negroes were carefully trained in the art and took a genuine pride in it. There are no more "family negroes." In the larger centers in that section the food is quite as well prepared, of course, as it is in the large centers of the North and West; but this is not saying much for our food. The fact is that our national diet has become a hodgepodge of the diets of every civilized people—and of some that are not civilized—and there is no longer national distinctiveness in our dishes or in their preparation. The result is that we are becoming a nation of dyspeptics and rheumatics—ailments that make for just the opposite of good citizenship.

Our next great reform should be in cooking. Under strenuous leadership we have the trust on the mourner's bench, the railroads under the eagle eye of the Federal government, a uniform divorce law on the tapis, a pure-food enactment in the statutes, the jails are yawning for the looters of the public domain, swollen fortunes are to be shared to decent proportions by graduated income and inheritance taxes, shooting galleries are advocated for our public schools—in brief, the category of reforms accomplished or in prospect is replete with promises of good but the most needful of all reforms has not yet been initiated in the United States by the one influence that can make it a success, and that is a more crying necessity here than in Germany, has only to be mentioned to receive general and immediate acknowledgment. But now that the movement has been started in the Kaiser's realm we confidently look for it soon to be rolling over this land of poor cooking and its victims, the dyspeptics and the rheumatics, the discontented and the Upton Sinclairs.

Then the contumacious muck-raker's occupation will be gone, the myopic standpatter will take to the woods, Congress will pluck up enough courage to face a necessary reform, and Secretary Shaw will find no dread of the evils of increasing prosperity.

Mark Antony was "one of the greatest of grafters," a contemporary declares. And yet, Cleopatra found him an easy Mark.

Germany and Her Colonies.

It requires a peculiar genius on the part of a nation successfully to acquire and govern colonial possessions. England has always been more or less of a success in it, owing mainly to a spirit of fairness and justice in her administration over seas, the one notable exception being her colonial possessions in America. France has never succeeded very well, nor Holland, in spite of Dutch India and Java and Dutch possessions in the West Indies. We, as a nation, in spite of the criticisms of the anti-imperialists, have done much better than might be expected, considering the length of time our civil service—or anything like it—has been in operation.
But Germany, whose war lord has always had wild dreams of colonial expansion which should furnish work for his huge automatic army and help him also to realize his dream of a powerful navy, has never been quite successful in managing colonial possessions, and her latest failure threatens to be her possession in Southwest Africa. This has always been an expensive proposition for Germany; the territory has always cost more in money—to say nothing of the bloodshed—than it has returned, and though Emperor William would fain go on with the work, even at the point of the bayonet, his parliament has revolted, declined to vote the necessary supplies, and has been dismissed in anger.

It was said of South Africa during the Boer war that it was "the graveyard of reputations." Africa has always been a ticklish place for the white man to interfere. We have been hearing an echo of its troubles from the Congo region recently, with its stories of the ill treatment of the natives, wholesale slaughter, and so on. The same charges have been hurled against the Germans in their Southwest African possessions, and there has grown up throughout the German empire a detestation of the colonial glory to be won at such sacrifices.
The issue came when Chancellor von Buelow, presenting his budget, took occasion to declare that "any provision which would necessitate a reduction of the military force in Southwest Africa could not be accepted." He declared that a reduction of Germany's military force would result in the loss of the protectorate, and might cause a general outbreak against white rule. He asked for a grant of 23,250,000 marks to prosecute the war of subjugation. This item in the budget the Reichstag rejected, and at once the Emperor ordered the dissolution of Parliament.
This means, of course, that a new election must be ordered, and that the platform must be ordered, and that the candidates will be for or against the subjugation of the blacks." The issue is one to be decided by the people now; and in view of the fact that the German people are well aware how much the colonies are costing and how little they return, it augurs ill for the pet ambition of the Emperor.
Should the new Reichstag be returned still prove obdurate to the Emperor's demands it will be epoch-making, marking the growing power of democracy in Germany—the good sense of the people pitted against their "by-divine-right" rulers.
An Indiana farmer has been talking five days and cannot be stopped. The poor fellow probably imagines he is a United States Senator discussing the Smoot case.
In some small dread of the fire, Congress proposes to approach the raising of its own salary by easy stages.
A New York man ate a porous plaster prescribed for him by a physician, and experienced no ill effects. It developed that he was a regular patron of the quick lunch counters.
Of course, it is Texas' business, but if she should decide to keep Bailey at home, the United States would be the loser. The Constitution of the United States and ship that back to Washington.
Nevertheless and notwithstanding, the average man would be heartily willing to swap his chances of paying an inheritance tax for an opportunity to pay an income tax.
The most valuable lesson the Storers learn from the late implementation of the indisputable truthfulness of the old saying, "Nothing succeeds like success," and, conversely, nothing fails like failure.
"Shopping is a symptom of prosperity," says the Baltimore Sun. It is often a symptom that you are about to entirely recover from it.
In commenting upon Mr. Roosevelt's statement in a letter to Mrs. Storer to the effect that he hardly thought Mr. Storer "geographically" a Cabinet possibility, the Southern press is inclined to believe that Mr. Storer is either whether or not he knows that section is on the map.
And now comes the Richmond Times-Dispatch, a usually peaceful and unobtrusive contemporary, and raises the question whether "phonetics, or phonics, or are." Surely the dead might be allowed to rest in peace!
Among other things that this country might manage to get along without is the six-day bicycle race.
That New York inventor has exhaustively tried his wind-wagon and finds it sadly wanting in pleasing qualities. A great many people are scheduled to have the same sort of experience with the water wagon pretty soon.
A captious critic seems displeased because Mr. Parsons' book "The Family" contains "too many cross references." There may be more truth than poetry in this book, after all.
A Switzerland man claims to have sampled recently 1,781 varieties of sausage. It was a ground-hog case, it is to be presumed.
"Senator Burrows' tirade against Senator Smoot was nothing but a lot of hash," says the Deseret (Utah) News. It was noticed that he doesn't mince his words, however.
By allowing himself to be arrested without a fight, Mr. "Bat" Masterson has rudely shaken our faith in his statesmanlike qualities.
An Ohio man married six sisters consecutively. He thus reduced the mother-in-law peril to a minimum.
President Castro drove around the city of Caracas the other day to let the people know he was "still alive and kicking," according to a press dispatch. If he is still alive, of course he is "kicking."

A Frenchman says a man's brightest thoughts come to him between 2 and 3 a. m. They do seem bright enough on the way home, but how quickly they change sometimes!

The Public Printer must be sorely afraid he will wake up and find it all a dream. Congress not only abolished simplified spelling, but raised his salary also.

CHILD LABOR LEGISLATION.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.
When Congress proposes to pass a child labor law for the District of Columbia it is strictly within its rights, for that territory, exclusively under its control. It may pass such an act as seems good to it, and if it is found superior and efficient, it will no doubt form the basis of legislation in some of the States. It is well to remember, however, that, as Washington is not a great industrial city, a child labor law may be more easily executed there than in some other cities. For that reason a law that would be adequate in Washington might not fully respond to the demands in some of the States.
A Bad Practice.
From the Indianapolis Star.
Senator Beveridge makes a strong showing of the effects of child labor in his bitter children, and developing a spirit of revenge that leads them to lawless retaliation, reaching even to "shots through innocent windows." Anything that leads to an assault on an inoffensive window cannot be too severely condemned.
Senator Tillman Defined.
From the Charleston News and Courier.
Definition: A "geographical anachronism" is a body of statesmanship bounded on the North by the box-office, on the South by the race problem, on the East by Theodore Roosevelt, on the West by the abolition of railroad passes, and having for its chief products pitchforks and denigratives.
"Mere Indiscretion."
From the Houston Post.
At most, the borrowing of money (which was repaid) from H. C. Pierce was merely indiscreet, and the Democrats of Texas are not going to destroy the greatest Democrat of the time for a mere indiscretion.
At His Old Tricks.
From the Buffalo Express.
Senator Platt is not prolific in legislation. He has only one bill, and that is a measure last week increasing a salary and another creating some new officials to draw salaries.
Circumstantial Evidence.
From the Florida Times-Union.
Drummer—That man over there is from Kentucky.
Tourist—How do you know?
Drummer—As soon as he sat down at the table he turned down his water glass.
What?
From the Norfolk Landmark.
Do the people of the United States pay any serious attention to what the President says, beyond being pleased, angered, or amused for the moment?
Agreeing Doesn't Help Him.
From the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.
Mr. Bryan cannot defeat Mr. Roosevelt by agreeing with him, no matter which spoke first.

THE BELLAMY MAN.

Bellamy Storer, he tackled our Ted. Got himself fetched a whack on the head. He let us still a long while an' then Bellamy Storer tried it again.
Ain't he a spunky ole Bellamy man?
—Bellamy, Bellamy, Bellamy man.
Bellamy Storer put flags down in ink. He should know better, now wouldn't you?
People in politics never should write; Never put nuffin in cobalt an' white. He should know better, now wouldn't you?
—Bellamy, Bellamy, Bellamy man.
Bellamy Storer, he tackled our Ted. Rushed in where catamounts wouldn't dust tread.
"Cause he got tired of the ole fryin' pan. Into the fire jumped the Bellamy man. Ain't he a funny ole Bellamy man?
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How We Do Change.

"Aha!" exclaimed Mr. Julius. "Been treasuring another man's picture all these years, hey?"
"Not exactly," answered his better half. "That's a photo taken of you, dear, when you had hair."

Alphabetic Associations.

"Father, what would the fraternities do without the Greek language?"
"Really, Waldo, I am unable to conjecture. You should not think about such harrowing possibilities."

Misnomer.

They used to call them mummies. It makes me wonder some. I'll leave it to all comers: Were actors ever nuns?

Fine Discrimination.

"I don't believe in giving indiscriminate alms, even at Christmas," declared Jinks, as Jinks handed a beggar a coin.
"Not to do that," said Jinks, but the fact is that nickel was too badly battered to take a chance with elsewhere."

Try It.

"It pays to worry."
"Think so?"
"Sure. Half the things I worry about never happen."

Pleased With the Old.

"Dear Santa Claus," wrote the little Chicago boy, "please bring me a new car and a new knife and a new velocipede. But never mind about a new papa, dear Santa, as I like my present papa ever so much."

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

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THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER.

A SONG OF CHRISTMAS.
Sing a song of Christmas, with the tingle in the air,
And mistletoe and holly and the berries everywhere.
Sing it in a cadence that will show its measures start
In the happy titling of the beating of your heart—
Sing it to a picture of the stockings in a row,
Casting swaying shadows in the light of long ago.
Ho, the song of Christmas! Of all carols 'tis the best,
For it springs in gladness from the music in your breast;
Rises from the knowledge that the world is good to you,
Gets its joyous measures from the good you mean to do—
Mellowest and tenderest of all the songs you know.
Built upon the golden gleams from out the long ago.
Sing a song of Christmas; sing the glory of the star,
Flinging down its wondrous beams upon the lands afar.
Catch the echo of the chant the waking shepherds heard
When from out the sky there fell each gleam.
Yes, and sing the memory of all the olden glow
From the embers in the grate this long and long ago.
Ho, the song of Christmas! It is yours and it is mine;
Out of heart-felt memories we make it our rhyme.
And we breathe the lasting faith that all the world is good.
When we time the hearts that beat again in brotherhood—
Sing it upon the air, in a cadence soft or slow.
When your sighs and smiles are blent in thoughts of long ago.

ONE MISTAKE EXCUSES ANOTHER.

"She!" exclaimed the blushing girl.
"How dare you kiss me? That is not mistletoe above my head; it is smilax."
"It's all right," explained the embarrassed youth. "I thought you were another girl, anyhow."

NATURAL.

"I don't see why they speak of it as the 'mouth' of a river," says the man with the diffident eyebrows.
"It's simple as daylight," avers the man with the pale-lipid ears. "You never hear of the face of the waters?"

WILBUR NESBIT.

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From the Indianapolis Star.
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CAPITOL GOSSIP.

The Illustrated Message.
A question of lively interest was raised at the Capitol yesterday when the lawmakers discovered that the special message on Panama, sent to the Congress by the President, abounded in words whose orthography conformed to the rule prescribed by the Carnegie Simplified Spelling Association. It had been understood that the President had accepted the situation gracefully when the House bill instructed the Public Printer to use only the old established method of spelling. The explanation was vouchsafed that President Roosevelt had written his Panama message before the House passed the law against simplified spelling, and that he did not care to put the government to the extra expense that would have been incurred had he ordered a reprint of his paper in order that its orthography might comply with the requirements of the House's dictum. "Thru," "thruout," "look," &c., is the way in which the President has spelled these common words. A grody number of House members listened to the reading of the message, but not over a half dozen Senators were in their seats at any time while the document was being read in their chamber. Everybody declared that the pictures with which the President has illustrated the message—twenty-six of them in all—were fine specimens of the photographer's art, as his well-known features are brought out excellently in two of them. It was also generally agreed that the luckless Poinsett, who is denounced anonymously in the message for the things he has written about the canal, will write some more pieces for the magazines on that and cognate themes, now that he has been again attacked.
Burton in a Christmas Rush.
The Hon. Theodore E. Burton, bachelor, aged some fifty-odd, who lives in lodgings all alone and who is chairman of the House Committee on Rivers and Harbors, got a genuine touch of Christmas yesterday without his seeking, and he seemed to enjoy it hugely. He boarded a car at Fourteenth and F streets that was going toward the Capitol. A slushy rain was drizzling down and bedraggling the earth. Few passengers were in the car when he entered.
"Nasty day—nasty day," said the Ohio statesman to the conductor as he entered, and added: "Bad for Christmas—bad for Christmas."
At the next corner three or four women, accompanied by children, most of them new lots, clamored aboard the car. Up sprang Mr. Burton and offered his seat, with a timid little doff of his hat, to the lady who led the van. Vacant seats were plentiful, and with a nod and a smile the lady said, "Thank you," and moved to a vacant place with the children tumbling after. Before the car had proceeded a half dozen blocks it was crowded with women and children, and every time a lady entered Mr. Burton looked at her and offered her his seat. The merry prattle of the youngsters obviously pleased him immensely, and he stood up as if through preference in order the better to see and hear the children's talk and laughter.
"Ah!" he said to a man in the car, "this is getting to be Christmas sure enough. Rough outside, but jolly in here. Wouldn't have missed it for a lot. Nothing like Christmas, I tell you. Makes fellow wish he were a child again, or—here the sound of his voice was drowned in the noise of the little ones who were going down into the shopping district to watch the marvelous antics of old Santa Claus in the show windows."

Played Golf with John D.

William S. Couch, Washington correspondent of the Cleveland Plain Dealer, had a unique month's experience last summer while on duty at the home of John D. Rockefeller. The man who had a statesman at the Capitol likes to hear about Mr. Couch played golf with John D. Rockefeller continuously for thirty days, and then wrote all about it for his paper. He declares that nobody plays the game with more genuine zest or enjoyment than does the world's richest man. "And he's a jolly good fellow on the links, at that," declared the newspaper man yesterday, to a Congressman who asked him about it. "So fond is he of the game and of the company of persons who don't bother him about money while playing with him, that I am thinking of inviting him down to Washington to have several days of the sport out at the Columbia Golf Club. Since he has entertained the National Association of Newspaper Humorists at his Cleveland estate, and has been elected to membership in that organization, Mr. Rockefeller and his newspaper men are all right, and I believe he prefers their society to that of business men."

White and Harlan Seat Dates.

In the shift of seats occasioned by the induction of Mr. Justice Moody into his new office yesterday Mr. Justice White has been moved next to Mr. Justice Harlan, the Nestor of the Supreme Court. For various reasons this will be pleasing to both of them. Heretofore Justice White has been two or three seats removed from Justice Harlan, and frequently this arrangement has caused annoyance to each of them. Being Southerners to the manner born they enjoy nothing better than a good chew of tobacco. It has so happened in the past more than once that one or the other found himself without a bit of the weed in his pockets. This sad discovery has resulted in a hurried, shy but withal dignified search of the trousers pockets through the deep folds of the black judicial robe by the one applied to by the other. It is recalled that once during the trial of the insular test suits the minds of both Justices Harlan and White were deflected for a minute or more from the line of the argument being presented by eminent counsel by the necessity the former had to call on the latter through the old means for a "loan."

THE WATER HOLE.

The buzzard sits above it flapping its wings. Its frass are thus cast upon at the brink—And, far off where the dying cattle pant, Like shadows do the desert slinkers slink.
Like slinked copper in a molten sea.
The sun has shone upon it through the day, And far off where the dying cattle pant, The story of each fight against despair, And low, at last, have man and beast found hope—Denver Republican.

Ground for Action.

From the Detroit Free Press.
Instead of raising their remuneration, Congress might consider itself lucky that the country does not try to collect damages.

Waiting to Hear.

From Judge.
Mrs. Gassitt—My sister Maud told me something to-day I've promised never to tell.
Mr. Gassitt—Well, go on. I'm listening.

BRYAN DEFENDS ROOSEVELT.

President's Action in Brownsville Case Commended by Nebraskan.
W. J. Bryan, the Nebraskan.
Whatever constant the lawyers may decide concerning the power of the President to discharge or to reinstate, no unbiased person will deny that the offense was grave enough to justify the President in doing whatever he has power to do. It is inconceivable that fair-minded people should criticize the President for attempting to relieve the military service of the menace of a body of troops whose members will shield a group of criminals. The evidence shows that some ten to twenty members of the battalion deliberately went forth upon a murderous expedition and that the remainder of the troops refused to disclose the guilty ones.
The critics of the President say that the innocent should not suffer with the guilty. That is a sound proposition when the innocent can be distinguished from the guilty, but in this case the question is whether the President can distinguish the innocent from the guilty. The community suffer for the presence of the troops or shall the innocent members of the battalion suffer for refusing to join the government in the preservation of law and order? There is no principle in law or in morals that requires that greater consideration should be shown to the innocent soldiers who prefer to conceal the guilt of their comrades than to the public in general.
The second ground of criticism urged by those who take issue with the President is that the soldiers ought not to be required to tell on each other, and the case is put upon a level with the case of Elgar, who is denounced anonymously in the message for the things he has written about the canal, will write some more pieces for the magazines on that and cognate themes, now that he has been again attacked.
The friends of the black man, whether they be themselves white or black, cannot afford to defend crime or the shield of crime. It may be that the President has gone beyond his authority; if so, the question ought to be discussed as a legal one. Those who assert the moral right of colored soldiers to shield comrades charged with a crime, however, will not give any material assistance in the settlement of the race question.

RAILWAY ETHICS.

Wrecked Arkansas Train Had No Business in a Farmer's Cornfield.

A Western railway man tells of a road in Arkansas built long ago, a road that had all the weaknesses to which neglected systems are exposed. The ballast was thin, the grades heavy and the ties rotten. Nearly all passengers traveling by this road provided themselves with accident policies, although, as a matter of fact, there was not much danger, as the trains were not given to sprinting, and the regular accidents used to occur without very serious results. Trainmen had long practice learned when to jump, and the passengers, by following their example, fared just as well.
The fastest train went at the rate—when the wind was not unfavorable—of ten miles an hour, and so was called the Little Rock Express.
One day the Little Rock Express jumped the track and went tearing into a cornfield. While the riot of the trainmen were sitting in the shade, waiting for the wreck train, the conductor came up, saying to the engineer:
"I am afraid you are in for it this time. I miss my guess if you don't get fired for this."
"Ah, a'wan!" exclaimed Bill. "It was not my fault; it was the fault of the rotten old road. Besides, the train was on an average of three times a week. The superintendent wouldn't know what to think if we kept the track for ten days running."
"That's all right, Bill," rejoined the conductor, "but you're off the track. So long as you keep on the right of way it doesn't matter much, but we have no business in this man's cornfield, and you know it."

CENTRALIZED GOVERNMENT.

From the Kansas City Journal.
Notwithstanding Mr. Root's great ability and illuminating powers of argument, there is plenty of room to question his statesmanship and to oppose his purpose in his new proposed tariff. Only reasonable explanation of his radical departure is that he has become inoculated with the tincture of Rooseveltism.

From the Chattanooga Times.

There can be no doubt of the correctness of the Secretary's conclusion that the people are themselves, after all, responsible for the quality of the laws upon the statute books and likewise that the present crusade against railroad rebating and the prosecution of the trusts by the government are the direct result of the clamor and therefore indirectly at least an evidence of the limitations the people themselves are disposed to apply to States' rights.

Western Warning to Wall Street.

In short, the annual stringency in Wall street and all affiliated quarters is bound to become more severe precisely as Western financial potency grows, and as the Treasury, handling directly its cash income, disposes of the surplus more with a view to the broad business interest of the country. That policy will not be reversed, whatever improvements may be made in currency and banking methods. The sooner Wall street manipulative interests appreciate this fact and subordinate their designs to it the better it will be for the country, but more especially for Wall street itself.

Might Have Been Painless.

From Ram's Horn.
"Gentlemen of the jury," erupted the attorney for the plaintiff, addressing the twelve Arkansas peers who were sitting in judgment and on their respective shoulder blades, in a damage suit against a grasping corporation for killing a cow, "if the train had been running as slow as it should have been run, if the bell had been rung as it ought to have been rung or the whistle had been blown as it should have been blown, none of which was done, the cow would not have been injured when she was killed!"

Life Young on the Tariff.

From the Dallas Morning Capital.
Let the Dingley tariff law alone until a scintilla of evidence can be brought forward that some schedule is operating to the detriment of the people.

Ground for Action.

From the Detroit Free Press.
Instead of raising their remuneration, Congress might consider itself lucky that the country does not try to collect damages.

Waiting to Hear.